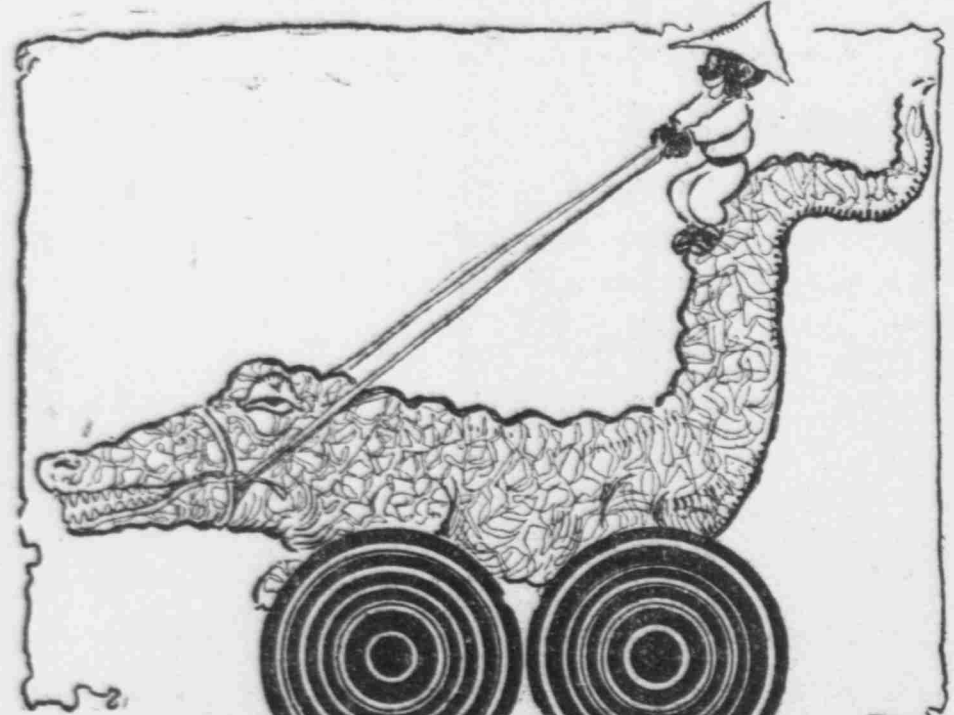


BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

### AUTO ANIMALS FOR THE CHILDREN



"Oh, nothing! the first drinkin'," said Tom, "is for the old man. But he never ever come back and drink of it the second time they'll fall dead on the spot. It waits till he's gone away; then it stoops down and says some funny words over their heads, and then it comes and tells their tails in it and—presto!—the water's as pizen as pizen itself is pizen. Then if it comes to the old man, it says, 'Well, it's all right with him, and don't you forget it.'"

"And then man put his pipe to his mouth and began to puff away."

Tom looked at Pete and said: "I reckon you're better off for some."

Pete returned the look and answered: "I reckon so. In their haste to be off they've left the water in the cave. It's a pity who sat watching the boys as they ran away. I wish I could make it rain down over their shoulders. They had left the pizen at the cave. A funny little smile came over Pete's face as he thought of it as he muttered to himself: "I guess they won't pester me by trying to open up another hole and run some more water. I'm bothered by human critters ruinin' round in my vicinity."

"Well," said Pete, made rapid tracks for town Tom said: "If I live to git home I'll drink a gallon of castor oil to git rid of 'em."

"If I live to git home," panted Pete, "I'll drink a gallon of castor oil to git rid of 'em."

"I never go huntin' for no more ole pots anymore, so I won't."

"Well, you're all right," said Old Q. said Tom a bit humiliated over the affair. "It's the rattlers and hants what you're afraid of. I've seen 'em plenty, but them we'd-a lugged home a million apiece, but you we would."

"Well, you're all right," said Tom has never mentioned "treasure in old iron pots" to Pete, and the subject of the Magic Spring

Golen-curl'd Stella Grason, aged 10 and her little brother Robbie, aged seven years, went one day morning to hunt for wild hoppers. As the clouds portended rain they carried their grandfather's big green umbrella, knowing that in case it were needed they both would find shelter under its huge cover without fear of getting wet.



On, on they flew through the tangled grass and weeds that impeded their progress; and at last, after a long chase, they were all bound—Robbie dropped the basket he had been carrying, but he was too weak to rise. The guards umbrella, dragging it by the handle as she ran. Her eyes were fixed on Robbie's face, and she saw his hands beyond which was safety. With a silent prayer that her little brother and she might escape, Stella turned back so that she could reach them, the little girl gathered all her strength for the last effort, called dear life's sake to use all his power to reach the fence and roll under to the other side.

Just as Stella's prayer seemed about to be answered—for the fence was now almost reached—the guard's foot slipped twenty yards behind them—Robbie's foot was caught in a tangle of weeds and the little girl fell headlong to the ground. Stella whirled and ran back to him. She could not leave him, although death stared in the face of both children, yet she clung almost upon them. Stella could feel his hot breath on her face, hear his short gasps, and see his eyes staring at her, and that all was over. In less time than one could count five or six things had happened—Stella had fallen, her hands clasped and Robbie just as the beast beat his head to raise the little fellow in the air—she lay motionless, her mind thinking of herself alone—only thought of her dear little brother who still crouched in terror in the bushes, and she knew that she must do as she did she could never tell, but as she dashed between Robbie and the bull she felt the beast's face, and she knew she did so. The act was so sudden, the deed so quick, that she could not stop to think instantly, and whirling round she dashed back over the prairie as if a

A collection of various hand-drawn sketches, including abstract shapes, a long thin object, and a small figure.

his hoofs sending clouds of earth in the air all about him.

Stella was dazed. Her arms felt limp beside her, and her eyes, still shining with the heroism of her act, followed the bull in his mad flight. Then feeling that they were once more safe the little girl's strength gave way and she sat down in the dust to wait to stand—and began to cry softly. Her poor heart was beating like a hammer against her side and her body shook like an aspen leaf.

Robbie stopped screaming and, wiping his eyes, sat up and looked after the disappearing bull that was at the moment going over the bank out of sight and sound. Then Robbie got up and spoke in trembling tones to his sister:

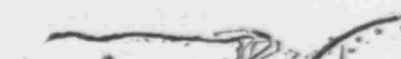
"Don't cry sister, dear. Come, let's go home."

loudness of speech for ease and independence. Those who thrust themselves on the attention of the public belong to the vulgar.

Don't think it smart to "show off." That sort of conduct is excusable only in the monkey.

Don't think you know more than your elders do. They have gone over the same road you are now traveling and know all its pitfalls.

Made-over Nursery Rhyme.



There was an old woman  
Who used her big shoe  
To whip her bad children  
Till they cried "Boo-hoo!"  
When they all acted naughty,  
And cried loud for bread  
She gave each a spanking  
And sent him to bed.  
—TIM TURNIPS

"It was Grampa's big, green umbrella that saved Rolly's life, and mine," said Stella. "I remember how Grampa all shook his head and said it was through the prayers of the little girl, bravest of all, that I was saved. But Grampa didn't know that had saved their lives. Had it not been for the prayers of the little girl, Stella would have lain idle in the weeds and the bull would never have met his match."

"Well, it was the two of us together, then," declared Stella, who would not take any more glory than she could get. "I was the one who fastened on a shawl to fit with the old green umbrella. If I hadn't had that shawl, I would have been as good as my brother, and I would now be—be—." But a choking lump in her throat prevented Stella from saying more.

And Grampa has given the old green umbrella to Stella who has wrapped it in a shawl and now she carries it with her, saying that she will keep it as long as she lives.

Don't flaunt your worldly possessions and social position before poor children who are so needy and live humbly. Remember that they would occupy better position than you if you were not so rich.

Don't laugh at the misfortunes of others, nor turn to ridicule another child's physical defects. Remember that the day of birth and the child so handicapped should rouse your deepest sympathy and that you will be held responsible for you to render.

Don't make light of another's disgrace, and don't laugh at a student who goes through life with a hairlip or crossed eyes is truly an ignorant person.

Don't destroy life wantonly. Kill no harmless bird, insect or animal for the sake of sport. Remember that all the boys and girls are disliked by their fellows, and grow up to be unsuccessful men and women.

Don't mistake arrogance of manner and

A carpet-covered corner;  
A soap-box for a counter;  
A lemon, lump of sugar and  
A bucket full of water;  
A boy with face all freckled;  
And shirt and trousers ragged;  
With hair uncombed and feet unshod;  
With voice of power ringing loud.

Crying his wares: Cold lemonade!  
Made fresh and sweet—  
Stirred with a spade:  
At one cent for a guzzle small,  
And two cents if you drink your fill.  
Such is the trade the Summer Boy  
Doth grow rich by, and much enjoy.

HELENA DAVIS.

My first is in pleasure, but not in fun;  
My second is in walking, but not in run;  
My third is in come, but not in go;  
My fourth is in garden, but not in hoe;  
My fifth is in iron, but not in steel;  
My sixth is in stocking but not in heel.  
My whole spells a word  
That means something nice;  
Mayhap you can guess it  
If you try more than twice.  
Answer given next week.